

and Stranahan arrived at the office of the Board, No. 88 White street, to act in concert with the Superintendent and Deputy Superintendent of the Police in whatever might be necessary to preserve the peace of the city. Nearly two hundred additional patrolmen were sworn in and assigned duty in different parts of the city—making the entire force of regulars and specials about 900 men. Numerous suggestions were made relative to the predicted attack on the police in the Sixth Ward, which during the day had been unusually quiet for a Fourth of July, and though the anticipation of the officers was that the day would pass off without any serious conflict, yet the quiet, as the sequel proved, was but the precursor of the riot and rebellion that was sleeping in the hearts of the lawless. A force of from 50 to 100 men was kept at the office of the Commissioners during the day to guard as well as might be against an emergency.

At three o'clock Messrs. Bowen and Stranahan left the office, being replaced by Commissioner Draper. During the afternoon Superintendent Tallmadge, accompanied by some of the Wards and returned with the announcement that many of the proprietors of the liquor shops had closed their doors. The fact was regarded as a good omen, and until about 4 o'clock nothing had occurred to indicate that there would be any disturbance.

#### THE ATTACK ON THE POLICE IN THE SEVENTH WARD.

At that hour, six members of the Police, while passing through Jackson street, near Cherry, were surrounded by two or three hundred Irishmen and boys occupying the tenement houses in the vicinity. No violence was offered further than keeping the officers hemmed in, they being compelled for the time to endure their taunts and epithets. Word reaching the Thirteenth Ward Station House that the Seventh Ward officers were in danger, Sergeant Steers immediately left the place with nine men, and they were soon at the scene of the difficulty. The crowd gave way as they arrived, and they joined the Seventh Ward officers. After a brief consultation, there being no disposition manifested to make an attack, Sergeant Steers prepared to withdraw with his men, thinking that the crowd would disperse. As they were leaving, however, they were attacked with stones, bricks, and other missiles, which were thrown with great violence from the house-tops and windows and from among the crowd. The assault was violent; but half of the sixteen were members of the regular police, and they were enabled for some time to keep the whole body together. By this judicious course they three times repulsed the rioters; but, as three of their number were wounded and two had become separated from the main body, several of the foremost officers drew their pistols and fired into the crowd. This demonstration with firearms had a salutary effect. The rioters were seized with a panic, and immediately retreated into the houses and cross streets. It was reported yesterday that one of the rioters had died from the effects of a pistol-ball fired by the Police. Our reporter was unable to gain any confirmation of the rumor. Three of the officers were wounded, Messrs. Tyler and Young of the Seventh Ward and Mr. Howell of the Thirteenth Ward. After the firing, the Police retired from the place in regular order. The wounded officers were conveyed to the Station House, where their wounds were dressed by Dr. Wells.

Among the spectators of the attack was Capt. Letts of the late police, and one of Fernando Wood's most violent partisan supporters. He manifested a lively interest in the events occurring, and, with Fernando Wood, was the frequent recipient of the cheers of the rioters.

#### THE RIOT IN THE SIXTH WARD.

At 5:20 o'clock intelligence of the situation of affairs in the Seventh Ward reached the Deputy Superintendent at No. 88 White street, substantially in the form that the facts had been communicated to Sergeant Steers in the Thirteenth Ward. Deputy Superintendent at once ordered Officer Bowers of the Ninth Ward to take twenty-five men and proceed to the relief of the Seventh Ward officers. Within a brief time Mr. Bowers was ready with his platoon, and on his march down White street toward Baxter.

While this was transpiring, two Irishmen had become involved in a fight in Bayard street, between Baxter and Mulberry, and the circumstance caused a general rush of the Dead Rabbit crowd, men, women and children, to witness the difficulty. The belligerent parties had just separated when the cry was heard, "The Metropolitans are coming." The effect of the announcement for a moment was to cause a general stampede. The women and children and most of the men rushed either into the houses and stores or else round the corner into Mulberry street, and windows and roofs on either side of the street became filled with human beings, looking out upon the Metropolitans who had the tenacity to walk upon forbidden ground. For a moment there was comparative stillness, but when the platoon had fully turned into Bayard street, and it became evident that they were only a handful in number, the courage of the Dead Rabbits, which for a moment had given way, was regained, and a half dozen bricks and stones were hurled after the officers from near the corner of Bayard street. This attack was not unexpected, and the Metropolitans turned to repel the assailants, but the signal thus made was followed by a shower of stones, bricks, oyster-shells, fragments of ironware, and in some instances whole pots and kettles, and in a moment a general rush was made by the rioters into Bayard street from Mulberry, where they had betaken themselves when the approach of the Metropolitans was announced. On either side of the street, too, the thresholds of the doors again became alive with human beings, and within three minutes the little band of Metropolitans were in the midst of three or four hundred maddened wretches, while above and around the missiles were flying, hurled with all the power that degraded and vitiated men, incited to action by corrupt influences and stimulated by rum, could exert. For a moment the Metropolitans were staggered by the assault; several had been hit on their heads and bodies by the missiles thrown, but they still held together, until a fearful onslaught was made upon them in front and on either side by the rioters surging in from Mulberry street, armed with clubs and whatever offensive weapons they could get. At this moment the officers, unable to withstand the assault upon them, coming as it did from all directions, in their efforts to fight their way out of the crowd, became separated, several, with Mr. Bowers at their head, striking right and left with tremendous force, and felling to the earth at least a dozen of the rioters, cut their way through the crowd. Most of the others, however, were still in the midst of the rioters, fighting single-handed a half dozen of the wretches. At this moment loud cheers were heard in the direction of the Bowery, and a glance up Bayard street discovered near two hundred men and boys running toward the scene of the conflict. "The Bowery Boys are coming!" was the cry uttered by fifty voices, and in less than a minute and a half the Dead Rabbits had led to encounter themselves in a place of safety. "Three cheers for the new order!" was called for by a man at the head of the Bowery Boys, and soon several officers who had cut their way through, joined them, and the crowd came rushing forward cheering, amid the din, for the Metropolitans. The Dead Rabbits became seized with a panic. The stones and bricks were now turned upon them, and in the solicitude they felt for their own lives, several of the Metropolitans were enabled to escape through Mulberry and Baxter streets. The officers passed on toward the Bowery, the Bowery Boys covering their retreat. They then waited until nine of their number had assembled, when they continued on their course to the Seventh Ward, leaving Officer Charles Lutz of the Eighth Ward, who was badly cut, in the care of Dr. Gay, corner of the Bowery and Bayard street.

After this momentary repulse, the Dead Rabbits again concentrated, and with a yell, several hundreds ran toward the Bowery Boys, and beat them back to a large pile of bricks standing in front of a building in the process of erection on the south side of Bayard street, midway between Mott and Elizabeth. Here the Bowery Boys stopped, the brick pile furnishing them with the weapons of war, and the fight was renewed with fearful effect. Though fighting against twice their numbers, the Bowery Boys kept the Dead Rabbits as far back as Mott street.

But in the midst of this scene the alarm was again sounded among the Dead Rabbits. "The Metropolitans are coming again!" The cry was passed along from one to another, and some of the timid rushed into their houses, or down Mulberry and Mott streets, and for a moment the Dead Rabbits ceased throwing their missiles.

At 6:10 o'clock Sergeant Hicks of the Sixth Ward Police marched around the corner of Baxter into Bayard street with between thirty and forty officers, ten of whom were of the regular force—he having been sent by the Superintendent to quell the disturbance, the news of which had reached White street. Again the bricks and stones were showered from the house-tops and windows by the hundreds, many of which struck the officers, causing severe injuries.

The attacking party in the street, however, was small, the greater portion being engaged in the fight with the Bowery Boys; and the officers, though the numbers which they were fighting in the street were three to one, were yet able to offer an effective resistance. Nearly a dozen arrests were made and the parties conveyed to No. 88 White street. But scarcely a moment passed that some one of their number was not stricken down by the missiles hurled at them from the house-tops. Against these they had no protection, as at least twenty were throwing at a time. Fully half of the officers by this time had gone off with prisoners, and a few of them remaining, were badly cut, and were compelled to leave the scene of riot as best they could.

As the ranks of the police became thinned down the Dead Rabbits became inspired with new courage, and over a hundred rushed into Bayard street from Mulberry and made an attack on the few remaining officers, many of whom were frightfully beaten. At this time Sergeant Hicks and two of his officers had a rioter in custody on the corner of Mulberry street, when a rush was made upon them by some twenty or thirty men in an attempt to rescue the prisoner. In the exigency Sergeant Hicks drew his pistol, at the sight of which the miscreants kept at bay, and he and his men were enabled to get out of the crowd with their prisoner. A minute or two after the officers had all disappeared, most of them escaping from the vicinity, but in one or two instances (the facts of which will be detailed in another column) they only escaped from the infuriated mob into the yards and houses on Bayard street.

The force at White street being insufficient to restore order, the Deputy Superintendent gave orders to the men to remain there.

Meantime hostilities were continued between the Bowery Boys and the Dead Rabbits, the former still holding possession of the brick pile; but on the re-appearing of the police the Dead Rabbit force was increased by the accession of a couple of hundred men who had been engaged with the officers, and making a grand charge with clubs and missiles, they succeeded in dislodging the Bowery boys and gaining possession of the brick pile. The Bowery boys retreated to Elizabeth street, where they again made a stand, and the fighting was resumed with renewed vigor.

Up to this point our reporter had viewed the riot from the west side of Baxter street, facing Bayard; but with the repulse of the police, the throwing of stones was discontinued, and he was enabled to take a nearer point of observation, from a wagon standing on the corner of Mulberry and Bayard streets—a distance of a square from the Dead Rabbits and two squares from the Bowery Boys. It was at this point that he first discovered the belligerents employing firearms. It is difficult to ascertain from which side the first shots were fired, because of the frequency of pistol shots fired by boys "in honor" of the Fourth; but at the commencement the shots were by far the most frequent from the Bowery Boys.

At 7 o'clock several of the Dead Rabbits carried down Mulberry street one of their party, named Pat Kane, who had been badly wounded in his knee by a gun-shot. Soon after the Dead Rabbits began to emerge from Mulberry and Mott streets with muskets and pistols, which they would fire at the Bowery Boys from near Mott street, and then retreat to load. The effects of the Dead Rabbits' shots our reporter was unable to judge of, he being two squares distant from the objects aimed at; but so far as can be learned since, not one of the Bowery boys was fatally injured. The shots of the Bowery crowd, however, were more effective, nearly all of the killed being of the Dead Rabbit crowd. The recklessness of some of the men seemed almost unaccountable. One of the Dead Rabbits stood for full fifteen minutes on the top of the brick pile throwing bricks at the Bowery boys, while at the same time the bullets were whistling by in a fearfully ominous manner. For a moment there was comparative stillness, but when the platoon had fully turned into Bayard street, and it became evident that they were only a handful in number, the courage of the Dead Rabbits, which for a moment had given way, was regained, and a half dozen bricks and stones were hurled after the officers from near the corner of Bayard street. This attack was not unexpected, and the Metropolitans turned to repel the assailants, but the signal thus made was followed by a shower of stones, bricks, oyster-shells, fragments of ironware, and in some instances whole pots and kettles, and in a moment a general rush was made by the rioters into Bayard street from Mulberry, where they had betaken themselves when the approach of the Metropolitans was announced. On either side of the street, too, the thresholds of the doors again became alive with human beings, and within three minutes the little band of Metropolitans were in the midst of three or four hundred maddened wretches, while above and around the missiles were flying, hurled with all the power that degraded and vitiated men, incited to action by corrupt influences and stimulated by rum, could exert. For a moment the Metropolitans were staggered by the assault; several had been hit on their heads and bodies by the missiles thrown, but they still held together, until a fearful onslaught was made upon them in front and on either side by the rioters surging in from Mulberry street, armed with clubs and whatever offensive weapons they could get. At this moment the officers, unable to withstand the assault upon them, coming as it did from all directions, in their efforts to fight their way out of the crowd, became separated, several, with Mr. Bowers at their head, striking right and left with tremendous force, and felling to the earth at least a dozen of the rioters, cut their way through the crowd. Most of the others, however, were still in the midst of the rioters, fighting single-handed a half dozen of the wretches. At this moment loud cheers were heard in the direction of the Bowery, and a glance up Bayard street discovered near two hundred men and boys running toward the scene of the conflict. "The Bowery Boys are coming!" was the cry uttered by fifty voices, and in less than a minute and a half the Dead Rabbits had led to encounter themselves in a place of safety. "Three cheers for the new order!" was called for by a man at the head of the Bowery Boys, and soon several officers who had cut their way through, joined them, and the crowd came rushing forward cheering, amid the din, for the Metropolitans. The Dead Rabbits became seized with a panic. The stones and bricks were now turned upon them, and in the solicitude they felt for their own lives, several of the Metropolitans were enabled to escape through Mulberry and Baxter streets. The officers passed on toward the Bowery, the Bowery Boys covering their retreat. They then waited until nine of their number had assembled, when they continued on their course to the Seventh Ward, leaving Officer Charles Lutz of the Eighth Ward, who was badly cut, in the care of Dr. Gay, corner of the Bowery and Bayard street.

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#### THE BOWERY BOYS' STORY.

Dr. Connellman Kerrigan and his brother relate the following version of the riot, which seems to be confirmed in many particulars:

On Saturday morning, about 2 o'clock, two policemen, one of them named Florentine, were patrolling Bayard street by a large crowd of the Mulberry-street rowdies, who pelted them with stones and fired shots at them. The policemen took refuge in the porter-house No. 40 Bowery. At that time there were only a few sleepy boys in the bar-room, and when the rioters rushed in they began to break everything in the place. The boys leaped out of the back door and through the windows for their lives, and one of the policemen escaped to McCloskey's coffee and cake saloon, near by, while the other got into the street, and retreated, discharging his revolver at the ruffians as he went. The Dead Rabbits, as the Mulberry-street fellows are called, broke in the windows of No. 40 with brick-bats, and gutted the place. They then went to the coffee and cake saloon already mentioned, and beat the policeman, broke the mirrors, and destroyed all they could, out of pure mischief, having done which they retreated with "three cheers for Fernando Wood," and "three groans for the Metropolitans." One of the Bowery boys, named Bartlett, who went to induce them to stop, was struck in the head with a big brick-bat, and fell senseless. He resided in Christie street, where he was subsequently taken. Soon after this a squad of policemen from the east side of the Bowery arrived and drove them off.

About three hours subsequent to this attack, the Rabbits came in strong force from the lower part of the Ward up Bayard street, armed with stones, clubs and pistols, and shouting "Three cheers for Fernando Wood!" and groans for the Metropolitans. The Bowery Boys, however, met them at the top of Bayard street, and drove them back to their dens.

Nothing further transpired until the afternoon of Saturday. About 5 o'clock, a squad of Metropolitan Policemen were coming up Bayard street, on their way to their posts in the Seventh Ward, when they were hissed and booed by the mob. A few brick-bats were thrown, and the police then set upon the mob, driving it before them. It is said, that, content with dispersing it, they reformed into line, and were marching off to duty, when the Mulberry street fellows, supposing they were retreating, set upon them with fresh violence, and drove them up Bayard street and into the Bowery. Now, the Dead Rabbits were on forbidden ground, the Bowery Boys claiming exclusive control over that part of the Ward. So, when the police called upon all good citizens to assist them in arresting the rioters, the Boys rushed in. For a while, the scene was as lively as could be wished for. On each side, pistols were fired and brick-bats thrown incessantly.

The Mulberry-street ruffians piled carts, wagons, barrels and lumber into a barricade in Mulberry street at its junction with Bayard. The Bowery Boys followed their example by dragging the old horsecarriages from the corporation yard and piling them up with lumber, carts and other stuff, which formed a substantial barricade across Bayard street below its junction with Elizabeth. Thus pitted against each other, the belligerents pelted away at one another in a savage style. In Mulberry street the Rabbits were furious for going down to White street to burn the headquarters of the Commissioners and the Metropolitan Stations. But a reinforcement of policemen in the shape of a squad of 50 men deterred them from this purpose. The firing, however, continued, the shots taking effect on each side. The men and women got on the houses and rained brick-bats down upon the Police, and fired at them with pistols and muskets. The women came out and filled their aprons with stones and brickbats, and retreated to the roofs of their houses, whence they discharged them upon the Police. The Metropolitans fought bravely, but they owe some portion of their success to the Bowery Boys. A number of the rioters were arrested by the Police and lodged in the Tombs; but it did not seem to stop the fight. The women in Baxter street would load pistols and muskets and send their little boys out to fire them off, knowing that anybody would be ashamed to shoot at them. One old man supposed to be the person lying dead at the White-street Station, was pulling bricks from his chimney and throwing them down, when a ball struck him and he fell from the roof to the ground, dead. At length, to use the classic phrase of our informants, "The Dead Rabbits came to the conclusion that they had a 'punch full, and they might as well block.' They accordingly sent off a boy with a white flag to the Bowery barricade to ask for a cessation of hostilities. This being agreed to, both parties withdrew and the Police removed the barricades. From that time—about 7 or 8 o'clock—the riot ceased.

Of the two men whose bodies were brought to White street only one was identified. This was a man named J. J. Bernard. He was a Frenchman and had been at work since about the 6th of June for a barber at No. 30 Whitehall street. Although his late employer asserts that he was to all appearances a quiet and inoffensive person, he was, nevertheless, distinctly identified by a number of reliable witnesses as having been one of the ringleaders in the riot on the side of the Five-Pointers or the "Dead Rabbit" party. Officer Peter Anderson of the Metropolitan force saw Bernard on the top of a brick-pile throwing bricks at the police, and making himself an active leader. He threw a brick at Anderson, which struck him in the back and caused a severe contusion; immediately afterward Bernard fell dead, being pierced through the breast by a bullet which instantly deprived him of life. He died with his hands tightly clenched, as if at the fatal moment in the very act of inflicting a blow. He was a man about 45 years of age, and was comparatively a stranger in the city, having been here but a few weeks—he resided in Bayard street, and his participation in the bitter partisan feeling which seemed to influence the whole of the population of that locality, was the cause of his sudden death.

The other person whose corpse was taken to the Metropolitan Headquarters, was apparently that of an Italian boy, not more than nineteen or twenty years old. He has not been identified by name, although he is known to have resided in Bayard or Mulberry street. No one has yet been found who can positively assert that he was in any way engaged in the riotous proceedings, and it is not at all improbable that this is one of the numerous cases in which innocent men have paid a dear penalty for the crimes of others. Through the blood which disfigured the countenance it could still be perceived that the young child of sunnily Italy died with a smile on his face. He was, perhaps, guileless of all evil, poverty, which compelled him to take up his abode among the thieves and rowdies of the Five Points.

Among the deaths was a most melancholy case of a young man who had no part in the riot, but by a mere chance was in the dangerous locality in the midst of the troublous times. This was the case of a young Englishman named William Pentony, residing formerly at No. 33 Hudson street, corner of North Moore street. He had been out of the city to New-Jersey to spend the day with a friend named Meeney, and after his return he went home with his friend to the residence of his father, Mr. Peter Meeney, No. 78 Bayard street, to spend the remainder of the afternoon and the evening. After tea the family were congregated in the parlor on the second floor engaged in conversation when the riot began. In one of the halls of the storm outside, both Mr. Meeney, sen., and Mr. Pentony approached the window in order to look out at the aspect of affairs in the street. While both were in the attitude of looking sideways up the street, a musket-ball shattered the closed window-blind, grazed the face of Mr. Meeney, and striking Mr. Pentony just between the eyes, pierced completely through his skull, leaving its mark on the window-casing behind his head. The infuriated young man fell instantly to the floor, and in spite of his dreadful wound, he lingered from 7 p. m. on

Sunday, the date of the occurrence, until 11 p. m. yesterday, when he expired. He was totally unconscious from the time of receiving the hurt, and did not rally so far as to speak a single word, however incoherently, before he died. The brain protruded from the aperture in the skull and the forehead, and also the posterior part of the head, and it was of course instantly apparent that no earthly aid would avail. He was attended by Dr. Stephen Wood and Dr. S. Caro.

Mr. Pentony was a man about 30 years of age, unmarried; he leaves no relatives in New-York City. He has, however, a brother resident in the United States, although his friends are ignorant of the exact locality. The funeral of the murdered man will take place to-day. He professed the Roman Catholic religion, and during his last moments a clergyman of that denomination was present.

Cornelius Mahoney, a lad about 15 years old, was admitted to the New-York Hospital at about 12 o'clock on Saturday night; he was suffering from a shot in the head, received from some of the rioters in Bayard street. He died in an hour and a half after being received into the Hospital.

Daniel Lee, a boy of 12 years, was shot in the abdomen at No. 91 Baxter street, on Saturday evening by a pistol in his own hand, which he was preparing to fire into the street. Deceased was born in Ohio.

William Cahill, a laborer, 28 years of age, residing at No. 5 Mulberry street, was shot down by some person on one of the house-tops, and died shortly after. Deceased was a native of Ireland and had been married 10 months. The inquest upon his body will be held to-morrow.

William, alias "Fatty" Welch, was shot through the head while (as is alleged) participating in the riot. He was taken away in a hand cart, and was reported dead soon afterward.

THE WOUNDED—HOSPITAL CASES.

At the City Hospital a number of rioters and officers are lying under treatment, some of the cases being very critical, and all of them are severe and dangerous. We give below the names of the persons there, with a statement of the condition of each at the last accounts last evening.

William Jenkins, one of the Metropolitan Policemen, was terribly beaten about the head with stones and clubs. He was probably knocked down and then deliberately pounded by so many of the mob as could get at him. His head is fearfully injured, and lies in an extremely critical condition. Dr. Noyes, the attending physician, says there are, however, grounds of hope that Jenkins may recover, although the chance is slight. Mr. Jenkins was doing his duty in the riot, at the corner of Mulberry and Bayard streets, at the time of the injury.

John Mersin of No. 37 Cherry street, one of the Metropolitan force, is also wounded severely in the head, by blows from clubs and stones, and by being thrown down and stamped upon and trampled over by the mob. His face is cut and jammed so that it would scarcely be recognized as a human countenance. His physician, however, asserts that the injuries, although exceedingly severe and dangerous, are comparatively superficial, there being no bones broken. At the time of the injuries Mersin was in the performance of his duty, and having arrested one of the rioters was endeavoring to drag him from the crowd and convey him to the lock-up. The mob rushed to the rescue of their fellow, and in the skirmish the officer was beaten to the ground and the wounds inflicted. He will probably recover, and it is to be hoped, without any facial disfigurement.

Michael Cunningham, a rioter, while engaged in the row at the corner of Bayard and Mulberry streets, received a wound in the right thigh from a pistol shot. The ball penetrated so deep among the large blood vessels that it is judged impossible, or at least inexpedient, to extract it. The physicians will attempt to save the limb: the life of the patient is not in immediate danger.

Thomas Welsh, said to be the assistant foreman of Engine 21, while actively engaged among the rioters at the corner of Bayard and Mulberry streets, received a gun-shot wound in the leg. The injury is very severe, and although there is no probability that the sufferer will lose his life by the wound, there is a chance that he will be maimed for life by the amputation of his leg.

Patrick Kane, a rioter in Bayard street, was shot through the knee? The patella is shattered and the joint laid open, making a complicated and dangerous wound. He will undoubtedly have to undergo amputation.

Patrick Cleary, a rioter, was shot in the mob at Bayard street. The ball penetrated the breast, severely injuring one of the lungs; the wound is a very serious one, but is not considered mortal.

Morris Higgins, a rioter, received a shot in the shoulder while engaged in the riot in Bayard street. The wound is severe but not dangerous. He will easily recover.

William Buckley was shot in the hip, in Bayard street. The hip bone is broken, thereby making the injury a very severe one. The musket-ball was extracted by the physician, and was found to be completely flattened; Buckley asserts that the man who shot him stood two blocks away, and that he saw perfectly well the flash of the gun. His injuries are very severe.

Michael Tuer, a boy 14 years of age, was shot by the Bayard-street riot. The ball went through the right thigh; his recovery is probable.

Michael Foley, a boy of 13 years, was shot in Bayard street. The ball took effect in his face. His injuries, although very serious, are not necessarily mortal.

Timothy Higgins—brother of Morris Higgins, before mentioned as having been shot in the shoulder while engaged in the mob in Bayard street—was shot in the abdomen. The wounds, though not instantaneously mortal, were so severe as to leave no hope of recovery. He cannot long survive.

William Borland received from the rioters in Bayard street a musket ball in the thigh, which shattered the bone, producing a compound fracture of the thigh. The injury is unusually severe, and will undoubtedly cost the unfortunate man his leg, if not his life.

Edward Ferry of No. 46 Forsyth street was shot while in Bayard street. The ball entered the knee, producing a severe but not dangerous wound. He was brought into the Hospital yesterday morning; he will recover.

John H. Johnson, a boy 15 years old, while in Bayard street, received a musket ball in his right leg. The bone was shattered, and there is danger that the limb must be sacrificed.

Dr. Jones attended the following cases at White street yesterday morning:

James Dodd, special policeman, shot in the leg in Bayard street. His mishap was not discovered until yesterday morning, he having taken a coach for home to No. 183 Canal street the previous night. The ball is still in the wound, the surgeon having been unable to extract it.

Phillip J. Melville, a special policeman, living at No. 143 Cherry street, was severely beaten on the head with stones and bricks, probably thrown from the roofs in Bayard street. Condition very dangerous. Think he got the worst wound from a brick thrown by a woman from the top of a house.

Solomon Ferre of Chestnut street, special policeman, stabbed right under the shoulder blade, between the ribs; wounds four or five inches deep. He received the wound in Bayard street, but does not know how or from whom. Very dangerous.

Besides these cases we hear of the following:

Isaac A. Latta, special policeman, cut badly in the head.

A. K. Cronas, special policeman, badly cut in the head.

Numbers of persons whose names are unknown were taken into the adjoining drug-stores and physicians' offices for attention, and as they departed, or were taken away by their friends immediately after their wounds were dressed, all trace of them has been lost.

Dr. Haron, of Bayard street, was called upon to attend five persons, all rioters, who were brought into his office. Some of them he sent to the City Hospital, and others went their way.

Dr. James B. McCauley of No. 96 Bayard street, attended thirteen persons who had been shot, three of whom were mortally injured. Ascertaining that three were of the Catholic religion, he immediately sent for the Rev. Mr. William McClellan to administer the sacrament. While Mr. McClellan was engaged in performing the solemn offices of the Church, and while Mr. McCauley and his wife were busy attending to the wants of the unfortunate who were brought in for aid, the mob, who had been excluded from the room, found a back entrance to the house through an alleyway leading from Mulberry street, and entering, they robbed the till, and carried off a fine case of surgical instruments, and a number of other valuable articles. Those of Mr. McCauley's patients who were most severely wounded were sent to the Hospital. All that he received from the whole crowd of patients was \$1, which was contributed by four of the injured.

Dr. S. Caro, corner of Canal and Mott streets, attended a number who were brought in suffering from contusions, cuts, stabs and gunshot wounds. Among the others was a young girl who had received a musket ball in her breast. This case has not been heard of at the Hospital. The ball was not extracted, and the girl whose name was not made known, departed to an unknown home.

Dr. H. S. Gay of No. 14 Bayard street, had five cases; one being a gunshot wound, one a fracture of the skull, and the others were cuts and bruises.

Dr. Weber, corner of Bayard and Christie streets, had two cases of cuts with stones and clubs, and one case of gunshot wounds in the breast. There are probably a great number of other rioters wounded whose names will never come to light. Other physicians in the vicinity attended a great many injured persons, but none of them gave their names or residences, and after receiving medical assistance, they departed as hurriedly as they came.

#### RUFFIANISM IN CENTRE STREET.

Between 3 and 4 o'clock on Saturday morning, while Mr. Skidmore, Clerk at the Tombs Police Court, was sitting at the court room window, looking into Centre street, his attention was attracted to several rowdies at the corner of Franklin and Centre streets. Presently a man, who appeared to be a German, passed these ruffians. As he approached the entrance to the saloon at the above corners, one of the men, without apparently any provocation, stepped up to him and struck him a violent blow in the face with his fist. The poor fellow reeled and went into the basement.

After committing this outrage, the ruffian laughed to his companions, as if it was a bit of sport to beat an inoffensive person. The clerk immediately called the attention of Justice Welsh to the offender. The magistrate forthwith dispatched Officers Latta and Gardner, on duty at this Court, to arrest the offender. The officers went into the saloon. They saw a man sitting on a chair with